Lincoln, Spare that Nig!

[A new version of an old song, by one who is opposed to the Emancipation Proclamation.]

Lincoln, spare that nig!
Touch not a single slave.
Nor let him fight nor dig
This Union now to save.
Does not our "brethren's" lash,
Chastise him when it ought;
Then, Lincoln, let him wash
His wounds, but touch him not!

That old and valued nig,
Whose arms have earned their gold,
Would'st thou teach him to prig
Himself from rebels bold?
Lincoln! forbear the thought!
Ah, no! such heaven-born ties
Should sure be severed not,
Even though the Union dies.

When but a little boy
Our "brethren" sought his aid;
And with their childish joy,
Around his cabin play'd.
And when he grew in years,
Their fathers peeled his back!
Lincoln, forgive these tears,
But let them have their black!

Their heart-strings round him cling,
Close as his hide, old friend,
His help in everything
He is obliged to lend.
He feeds their hungry hosts,
He piles their shell and shot,
He rears their forts and posts;
But, Lincoln, touch him not!

The Story-Teller.

THE UNION SOLDIER.

The little village of his birth reposes in quiet beauty on the banks of the Merrimac. Its small extent of territory nestles among the green hills of the dear old Essex county. Here stands the church at whose altar the aged pastor has long administered to the spiritual welfare of the farmers; and not remote may be seen the arsenal of Freedom's power—the schoolhouse. The streets and modest houses, shaded here and there by the trees of a New England forest, oak, elm or maple, and the open hospitality of its citizens, extend a constant welcome to stranger and guest.

It was here that the hero of twenty summers had been nourished and prepared for the stern scenes soon to be exemplified in the famous battles of the country. Here had been taught him, that after devout reverence for the God of his fathers, his first duty was to his country. He had learned that patriotism was the noblest feeling that can animate the bosom of mortals; and that he who does not turn with grateful emotion to the land which has given him birth, and afforded him protection through infancy to the years of ripening manhood—which has extended to him the means of moral and intellectual freedom, continually holding over his head the ægis of impartial law, would be a sad recreant and unworthy of even the meanest of mankind.

From this home went forth, among the earliest volunteers for the civil war now desolating our fair land, one whom we will call William Fane. Hundreds of sons have, indeed, gone out from under the roof-tree, around whom cluster the fondest associations; and the history of William may not unfitly represent many of them. He was not super-mortal, such as exist only in the brain of teeming fancy; and yet he was the pride of appreciating townsmen. There was much in him to win the confidence of those who knew him. His form was erect and manly. His arm strong, and his step firm. From beneath heavy brows, indicative of active perception and organic power, beamed out a mild blue eye. Over the high, intellectual forehead was parted the light silken hair. He had never been known to do an unworthy act. On the contrary, kind deeds had often gleamed in their radiance along his pathway. The inebriate, the profligate, the bondsman, many a fallen son of earth, bore in the deep recesses of his heart the sure pledge of received kindness. Such an one forsook all to fight the battles of the nation. On that beautiful morning when he gave the farewell to the home of his boyhood, we seem to see the blessing of the aged sire bestowed upon him; we behold the tear trickling down the mother's cheek, as she says, in choked utterance: "Do your duty, my son;" and we hear, too, the "good-bye" of the younger friends, as he hastens on to where his soldier comrades await his coming.

And he is gone. The sunset hour has again come. The herds are in the stall, and the stars shine out in the blue vault. The song of the night-birds and the shrill notes of the insect tribe echo in the woods. Outward nature performs her ceaseless course. But there is a vacant chair at the homestead table. And when at the hour of sleep, some noble psalm is read from the Holy Book, as the household is gathered in its wonted way, the circle seems broken. One manly voice is not heard. But the great God's benediction is sought for the young warrior. The sire prays that his arm may be strong to do battle with the wicked who have risen up in force against their country. Even as perfumes of precious wood ascend from golden censers, and are lost to mortal sight, so thanks go up to the Most High that the family has been granted the privilege of sending to the armies of freedom the only remaining son. And when the thought comes, that soon he may be in the foremost ranks and in the midst of the dead and dying, that he goes where perhaps even now the very earth trembles with moving squadrons and the loud-voiced cannon, more fervid grows the utterance that the Father, from his cloud-girt throne, will come down and, from danger on the right and on the left, save harmless the dear son, bringing him through blood and death to his home.

Turn we now from the home scenes to one of our southern states—to the Old Dominion. A mighty host is gathered in battle array. From the valley of the southern Mississippi comes up the strength of the land, with gun and sword and blood-red plume; from the Gulf of Mexico, where roses bloom in perenial beauty, comes rank upon rank, the flower of the race; and from where the Gulf Stream wafts its soft breeze to the shore, move on regiments, following the strange new banner. Nor are these all, countless though they seem. From the north-land, from the whispering pines of Maine, the granite hills of New Hampshire, and the rock-bound coast of Massachusetts, from the mighty lakes of our northern boundary, from where the gathering drops in sweet unison give birth to the Father of Waters, and from all the free land of the colder north,

"Like a deep sea wave,
Where rises no rock its pride to brave,
High-swelling, dark and slow."

Swell southward in sublime spectacle the panoplied battalions of Freedom and Union, invincicle in grandeur of soul and heaven-born purpose. Here on a common field, and drawing near each other those who do battle for the republic, and those who are pulling down with felon hands the temple of free government reared by the fathers. The long, serried ranks, with flashing bayonets; the warriors on their proud moving chargers, bright ensigns and waving banners portend that ere the western clouds shall reflect back in gold and purple the rays of the setting sun, a terrible contest will have taken place. Again and again the shrill bugle will have sounded the charge, and respondent lines have rushed on to victory or death. Night will look down upon many a brave dead man. In mingled confusion, war-horse and rider will meet the gaze throughout the extended plain. But the scene need not be forestalled.

The sun moves on through the heavens. "Calm and patient nature keeps her ancient promise well." But the psalm of earth is already interrupted. Cannonading is already begun. Peal on peal booms over the flower-tinted vale. Now, for a brief period, silence reigns. Then again, more terrible than before, the bellowing thunder rolls along the entire line of the foe. Our staff officers fly to distant parts of the field with the orders of their superiors. Brigades change places. The stronger points are weakened, and weaker ones made stronger. Working and reserved forces are disposed in the most available positions. Corn-field, woods, and stream become points of strategetic combination. Every man is in position, and feels that upon his valor may hang the result of the contest. William, too, is there. The aged man's son, the last remaining boy. We wonder if there is a thought in his bosom of home. Yes! yes! Faster than the prancing war-horse, faster far than the screaming ball as it tears through the air, flies homeward one thought of that stern Puritan father, and of that mother, who simply said, as he went forth in opening manhood's pride, on that bright morning, "Do your duty, my son." Would that the parents could look upon their boy, as on that deadly day he stands with his comrades in the ranks! His countenance shows no stolid look, no cold indifference to the stern summons of Death that may await him. But an earnest zeal beams forth from the blue eye. The lips indeed quiver, but not from cowardice. "That is a brave man," said Wellington, noticing the trembling lip of a soldier, who with others moved on to take the deadly battery. Thus behold William, the almost unknown hero. Save only the stained uniform, he has no badge. His royal marks are in the memories of his companions. "Our duty," my brothers," he has oft repeated; "be firm." And with the embattled host he now awaits the commands of his officers. His company is in the centre. On the right and left the war-god has raged with awful destruction. Deeds of heroic valor have been performed that shall glow with peerless beauty on the pages of the future historian. And though the stronghold of the enemy is not yet altogether ours,

"Deeds of eternal fame
Were done . . . . No thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed,
That argued fear; each on himself relied,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory."

Now fly the golden moments. A single mistake may lead to inglorious defeat. The gallant men of the centre are set to work. The bugle sounds the onwarch march of the divisions. Shoulder to shoulder the solid phalanx goes forward.

"Nor oblivious hill,
Nor straightened vale, nor woods, nor stream divides
Their perfect ranks."

Steadily advance the heroes of the republic. The "rough edges" of battle near each other. O, dreadful interval between! The first line of the enemy is already gained. From behind *abatti* up rise the rebel horde, pouring out their deadly volleys, and filling the heavens with commingling flame and smoke. Then and there fell the patriots. Loyal blood flows like water, and living lines melt down like snow flakes in seething cauldrons. But the glorious spirits are not disheartened. No dismay. "Do or die" flames out from the blue field of their banner; and with wild cries they rush forward through the opposing wave of shot and shell. The bloody tide baptises them with renewed and holier fire; and in irresistible might they gain the chosen position. The work and its devilish engines of war, is in their position; and over all floats out once more the star-spangled banner. To the ears of their living and dying companions, on the field behind, come wild huzzas, and the heaven-reaching shout of victory; on the right and left the embattled host takes up the sound; and from the arches of heaven, in answering chorus, victory is re-echoed back to earth.

While the waves of war have wildly surged backward and forward, and charging trumpets blown, the sun has gone down in the west. Night is coming on.

"And over heaven
Inducing darkness, grateful true imposed,
And silence on the odious din of war,
Under her cloudy covert both retired,
Victor and vanquished."

Far and wide gleam the camp-fires.—Friend and foe are mingling on the crimson war-field, caring for the wounded. In the thickest of the slain lies the body of William—pierced in the bosom with the deadly ball. His life went out as the shouts of the victorious squadrons rent the air. In a common grave, with unnamed demigods, that on that day gave up their lives to the unity and freedom of their fatherland, lies his smouldering clay; but the spirit is not there. Borne thither on the bright wings of immortality, it has a home in the celestial city. There, there shall be no hunger, no thirst, no long marches, no battle-cry; but blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and praise, and might, unto our God, forever and ever.

"Tell my father," said the dying boy to his surviving comrade, "that I have no regrets for joining the army. I die for my country; and mother, tell her I feel I have done my duty."

Thus died William. Thus are dying myriads. There is scarcely a village in the land where may not be found those who weep for the slain. Father, husband, son and brother, have been snatched away in the bloom of health and the vigor of manhood. Liberty is making such demands upon her sons as she never did before. Alas! that it is only thus that peace can again revisit us. Among the Alps two hundred thousand riflemen are ever ready to spring forth for the defence of the free Switzerland. In the American republic near a million have drawn their swords and sworn that never again shall they be sheathed till traitors sink to dishonored graves. Proportionate has been the number of those who have crossed the stream of death. But song, and oratory, and history, shall embalm their memories for unborn generations. And while winds blow, or rainbows span the vaulted heavens, their names shall be written in letters of living light with those who fell at Marathon and Thermopylæ, at Buda, and on Bunker Hill.

How Oliver Cromwell's Chaplain Got Married.

The following characterisiic anecdote of Cromwell exhibits "sharp practice" on the part of the old Puritan:

Mr. Jeremy White, one of Oliver Cromwell's domestic chaplains, a sprightly man and one of the chief wits of the court, was so ambitious as to make his addresses to Oliver's youngest daughter, the Lady Frances. The young lady did not discourage him; but in so religious a court this gallantry could not be carried on without being taken notice of. The Protector was told of it, and was much concerned thereat; he ordered the person who told him to keep a strict look-out, promising if he could give him any substantial proofs, he should be well rewarded, and White severely punished.

The spy followed his business so close, that in a little time he dogged Jerry White, as he was generally called, to the lady's chamber, and ran immediately to the Protector to acquaint him that they were together.

Oliver, in a rage, hastened to the chamber, and going in hastily, found Jerry on his knees, either kissing the lady's hand, or having just kissed it. Cromwell in a fury asked what was the meaning of that posture before his daughter Frances?—White, with a great deal of presence of mind, said, "May it please your highness, I have for a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail; I was, therefore, humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me."

The Protector, turning to the young woman, cried, "What's the meaning of this, hussy; why do you refuse the honor Mr. White would do you? He is my friend, and I expect you should treat him as such." My lady's woman, who desired nothing more, with a very low courtesy, replied, "If Mr. White intends me that honor, I shall not be against him."—"Sayest thou so, my lass?" said Cromwell, "call Goodwyn; this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room."

White was gone too far to go back; his brother parson came; Jerry and my lady's woman were married in the presence of the Protector, who gave her five hundred pounds for her portion, which, with what she had saved before, made Mr. White easy in his circumstances, except that he never loved his wife, nor she him, though they lived together near fifty years afterward.

DRUNKEN OFFICERS.—Every one is convinced that the temptation of camp life, the removal of home restraints, and the hardships of the march, all have their influence upon the soldier in causing him to break away from his obligation. But if the officers are the men of the right stamp, the soldier can bear up under all temptation, and grows stronger in manhood as he wins repeated victories over himself, and the difficulties in his way.

Officers will have a most serious matter of business to settle with the fathers, mothers, and relatives of ruined sons and brothers, when this war is over. We envy not the epaulets or title which the officer may wear home from the field, if his record there has been that of setting examples of drunkenness, and other demoralizing conduct. The soldier will copy from his superiors, and superiors are responsible for the examples they set, and the consequent influence upon those in their command.

When peace returns, and all the facts in their history as officers are laid bare to the world, we envy not those officers who have been false to their trusts. God's curse will be upon them, and the execrations of the people will follow them all their days.—*Western paper.*

Bird's Sense of Danger.

The power of judging of actual danger, and the free and easy boldness which results from it, are by no means uncommon. Many birds seem to have a most correct notion of a gun's range, and, while scrupulously careful to keep beyond it, confine their care to this caution, though the most obvious resource would be to fly right away out of sight and hearing, which they do not choose to do. And they sometimes appear to make even an ostentatious use of their power, fairly putting their wit and cleverness in antagonism to that of man, for the benefit of their fellows. I lately read an account, by a naturalist in Brazil, of an expedition he made to one of the islands of the Amazon to shoot spoonbills, ibises, and other of the magnificent grallatorial birds which were most abundant there. His design was completely baffled, however, by a wretched little sandpiper that preceded him, continually uttering his tell-tale cry, which aroused all the birds within hearing. Throughout the day did this individual continue its self-imposed duty of sentinels of others, effectually preventing the approach of the fowler to the game, and yet managing to keep out of the range of his gun.—[*Gosse's Romance of Natural History.*

SHOWING HER COLORS.—A gentleman from Cheat Mountatn tells the following:

A squad of Indiana volunteers, out scouting in Virginia, came across an old woman in a log cabin in the mountains. After the unual salutations, one of them asked her:

"Well, old lady, are you secesh?"
"No," was her answer.
"Are you union?"
"No."
"What are you, then?"
"A baptist, and al'ys have been!"
The hoosiers let down.

The Yankee.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

There lies, between the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean, a little gore of land, a few hundred miles wide and long, which seems to have been made up of the fragments and leavings, after the rest of the continent was made. Its ribs stick out beyond all covering; it has sand enough to scour all creation; there are no large rivers, but there are many nimble little ones, that seem to have been busy since the flood, in taking exercise over rifts and rocks. Its indigenous productions are ice, Indians, and trees. Its wild fruits are whortleberries and chestnuts. About the time that this part of the continent was first explored, a great plague had swept off a large portion of its Indians. Trading and commereial adventurers had endeavored to effect a settlement in vain. The place seemed too hard for Indians and roving traders. This tongue of land was set apart, apparently for a wilderness, and it had peculiar aptitudes for keeping men away from it. Its summers were short, its winters long, its rocks innumerable, its soil thin. Bounded to the north by hyperborean cold, to the east by endless forests, to the south by the ocean; only to the west was there an opening through which the people could ever make their way out, should there ever be a population. To settle this cold and sombre corner of the creation, a race of men was raised up called the Puritans. Naturalists tell us that every plant has its insect, and every animal its parasite; so there must be some sort of animal adapted to live on these shores, and that animal was the Puritan. The Puritan was not described by Cuvier, or by any naturalist. None of the modern ethnographers have given attention to this class of beings. They have been described in popular literature and in newspapers; and if we may not believe them, what shall we believe?

Taking our idea from political speeches and newspapers, the Puritan was a hard, tough, gaunt, creature, utterly devoid of taste and of the finer affections, but excessively endowed with a holy combativeness. He was always to be seen with his eyes earth-bound, and a sanctimonious face; whenever they were lifted it was to find fault, or money, as the case might be. He is supposed to regard all men as wrong but himself; his vocation is to put all things right. Therefore he is the moral tinker of the universe, and is for mending rips in morals, and putting patches upon conduct generally, making up the deficiencies he detects in providence and creation. Like the sea-bird, he is ever on the wing, and never better pleased than in a storm. This character infests the whole western continent, and causes more disputes, controversies, and excitements than all the rest of the population put together. No other personages could have lived in New England, and nothing else could live there if he did. He was tougher than the stone, drier than the sand, more obstinate than the seasons; and, indeed, some naturalists tell us that since the Puritans settled in New England its climate has grown much milder, even New England winters could not stand the eternal fault-finding of the Puritans.

As long as this controversy between nature and the Puritan was confined to New England, men were patient. But within a hundred years we have seen great mischiefs introduced upon the rest of the continent. There is the Hessian fly, that has robbed millions on millions of dollars from the wheat crop; there are weevils, and blights, and the curculio on trees; and then we have the Canada thistle, the very Yankee of botany—sharp, hungry, and prolific, with a million of seeds, and every seed sure to sprout, growing ten times as fast when you cut it up by the roots as when you let it alone. Among all these none have been so much deplored as the spread of the Yankee. He is the plague of the continent; goes everywhere; engages in everything; is always and everywhere the same disputing, meddling, reforming character he was in England, and is in New England, and seems likely to be until the end of the world. Agitator in politics, disputant in theology, faultfinder in morals, prying up peaceful citizens' houses to see if the underpinning is safe—the vender of gimcracks to every housekeeper, he has always some new way of grinding, or screwing, or twisting, or rolling, or churning, or knitting, or sewing, or plowing to show. His plows and washing-machines would build the Chinese wall. The Puritan Yankee has at last exhausted the patience of the saints of the plantations, and they have determined to "hunt him home to his den," and to shut him up there all by himself. We would suggest, therefore, that all the Yankee inventions be collected, and a wall be built of the carts, plows, reapers, churns, sewing machines, clocks, stoves, and all the contrivances which the indefatigable Yankee has invented, and that all the Yankee books, spelling books, reading books, histories, geographies, theological books, be piled upon the top of these, and that it be rendered lawful to shoot any Yankee who attempts to scale the wall; and then it may be hoped that, left to feed upon these, they may become refined beyond the body, and peradventure the whole stock may rise some windy day in blessed translation, and leave the world in peace, to shudder at nothing any more, except the remembrance of the horrid Yankees!

RECIPE FOR AN EVENING PARTY.—Take all the ladies and gentlemen you can get; place them in a room with a slow fire; stir them well; and when they get well crammed, stew them till they boil over into the stairs and passages. Have ready a pianoforte, a harp, a handfull of books or prints; put them in from time to time; when the mixture begins to settle, sweeten it with *politesse*, or wit, if you have it—if not, flattery will do as well, and is very cheap. When all have stewed together for two or three hours, put in one or two turkeys, some tongues, sliced beef or ham, tarts, cakes and sweetmeats, and a few bottles of wine—the more you put in the better, and the more substantial your rout will be. N. B. Fill your room quite full, and let the scum run off of itself.

A NEW DANCE.—"Shall I have the pleasure of your company for the next set?" asked a not very well educated young gentleman of a pretty young lady at a ball. "What is to be the dance, sir?" "Ditto," said the young man, referring to his programme. "Oh, you must excuse me, then," said the young lady; "I can't dance that."

How to Enlist a Company.

Among the many methods which were tried to induce men to enlist during the Revolutionary war, the following furnishes a very successful one, and gave partial demonstration of the fighting qualities of the captain:

During the Revolution, Captain E., a member of one of the first families of Charleston, having lost in a skirmish most of his men, went into the interior of South Carolina for the purpose of enlisting recruits. Having appointed a rendezvous, he spent a day or two in looking about the country. At the time and place apointed he found a large number assembled, not one of whom would enlist. After some hours spent to no purpose, he appointed a rendezvous for the next day, and left the ground. Next day came, and with it the same crowd, but he met with no more success than the day before. What could the matter be? It was the first time during the war that a recruiting officer had been unsuccessful. Something must be wrong, and he determined to know what it was. Calling one of the rustics aside, he then said:

"Why is it I get no recruits?"

"You don't think," answered the countryman, "that we are going to 'list under such a looking man as you are? You are dressed to fine to be much of a fighter."

In those days knee breeches and silk stockings were fashionable, and the captain was dressed in that style; there lay his unpopularity. He turned to the countryman, and remarked:

"So you object to my dress, do you? Come here to-morrow, and I shall have recruits?"

Next day the same crowd had assembled, anxious to know what idea the dandy captain had got into his head. After the crowd had assembled, Captain E. stepped out, and said, in a clear and distinct voice:

"My friends, I understand that you object to me because I am dressed a little finer than yourselves. You think I am unable to fight on that account. I will whip as many of you as will come out, one at a time, with the understanding that every man is to enlist after he is whipped. Pick your men and send them out."

After some consultation, a huge, broad-shouldered fellow came out. The captain drew off his coat very coolly. He was large and well-made, and a superior boxer. The countryman rushed up, intending to brush out the captain in a few moments. He mistook his man, however, and soon measured his length on the grass. A greater bully than the first stepped out to take his place, and soon took his place on the ground. The countrymen stared; they had no idea such a man could fight; he had, however, enlisted two men, and must not be allowed to go further. The bully of the crowd now stepped in to take the gentleman in hand. He was a stout fellow, weighing about two hundred pounds, and bragged that he had never been whipped. He knew nothing, however, about sparring, and he very soon followed his companions. Never was a crowd so strictly confounded; three of their best men whipped by a man from the city, I They could hardly realize it, and stood motionless,

"Well, my friends, are you satisfied? I have whipped three of your best men. I suppose you have no objection to follow their example?"

"Not a bit of it," responded one of the crowd,

"You'll do to tie to, old boy! Come, boys, fall in!"

They did so, and in a short time the captain had his company filled, and he had offers of more than he had room for. —*N. Y. Illustrated News.*

A FEW QUEER THINGS.—We know lazy, shiftless, trifling devils, who never paid a dollar of taxes in their lives, who are howling twelve out of the twenty-four hours about "the enormous taxes we are burdened with."

We know men, the seat of whose pantaloons display the flag of distress at half-mast, who could not buy a toe-nail of a nigger if able-bodied slaves were selling at a dollar a dozen, who fly into a passion if they hear of an "attack upon slave property."

We know men who never did a day's work in their lives—save when borrowing or stealing was impossible—who are howling like wolves against "niggers coming to Ohio to compete with the labor of poor white men."

We know men who never had an entire dollar in their lives, spend hours in expatiating upon the dangers of paper currency.

There are queer people in the world. Nine tenths of all the talk on the above topics, is done by the classes mentioned. —[*Buckeye State.*

WAS THE MOON EVER A COMET?—According to M. Arago, the Arabians thought themselves of older date than the moon. They maintained that their ancestors had inhabited this planet before it had any satolites. Struck with this singular opinion, some philosophhers have imagined that the moon was formerly a comet, which, in performing its elliptical course around the sun, came into the neighborhood of the earth, and was drawn in to revolve around it.

Such a change of orbit is possible, but evidently it could not have taken place if the comet's perihelion distance had been great. The comet must, therefore, have passed very near the sun, and have experienced an intense heat capable of dissipating every trace of humidity. The almost entire absence of an atmosphere around the moon, the scorched appearance of its vast mountains and deep valleys, and the few plains that are seen, have been cited as proofs that this luminary was once a comet.

SOLDIERS! AVOID LIQUORS.—In India, said Mr. Hogan, forty-four in one thousand soldiers who had received an allowance of grog, or rum, died; the Bass Ale was tried, and the average fell to twenty-three in one thousand. The brewers raised a cry of rejoicing over this result, and said, "Ale is the thing to preserve life amongst our army." But a majority of noble soldiers practised total abstinence in India, and the average deaths amongst these had been eleven in one thousand.

TRUTH IN DISGUISE.—It is a debatable question whether a person who has always been in the habit of lying has a right to tell the truth. It is, of course, the only device by which he can deceive people.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A fair young girl is leaning pensively on the casement, gazing with thoughtful brow upon the scene below. The bloom of fifteen summers tint her soft cheek, the sweets of a thousand flowers are gathered upon her round lips, the curls cling to a spotless brow and fall upon a neck of perfect grace, the soft swimming eyes seem lighted by the tenderest fire of poetry, and beauty hovers over her as her most favored child. What are her thoughts? Love cannot stir a bosom so young, sorrow cannot yet have touched a spirit so pure. Innocence itself seems to have chosen her for its own. Alas! has disappointment touched that youthful heart? Yes, it must be so. But hist! she starts—her bosom heaves—her eye brightens—her lips part—she speaks—listen: "Jim, you nasty fool! quit scratching that pig's back, or I'll tell mar.

Buffon, it was once stated in conversation, had dissected a near relative. A lady exclaiming against the unfeeling act, De Macran observed, "Why, madam, she was dead!" This remark reminds us of the French princess who sat to Canova for her statue. A lady, to whom she was speaking of the fact, inquired, "Did you not feel rather uncomfortable?" "Not at all," rejoined her highness, "for of course there was a good fire in the room."

A poor widow's little boy wanted a slate at school, but she couldn't afford to buy him one. The next day, seeing one in his hands, she inquired, in some surprise, "Why, Tommy, dear, where did you get that slate?" "I heard you say, when papa died," he replied, "that now he has gone we must look above when we wanted any thing, so I went up and got this slate off the roof. I wish I had a frame for it."

A man who squinted, but was unaware of his infirmity, had his portrait taken by Nicholson, and, on being invited to inspect the performance, said, with rather a disappointed air, "I don't know—it seems to me—does it squint?" "Squint!" replied Nicholson, "no more than you do." "Really, well, you know best, of course; but I declare I fancied there was a queer look about it."

In a country town in Massachusetts, many years ago, lived a man known as Uncle Zeke Cushing. He had a neighbor, Tower, whom he hated most religiously, for the simple reason that Tower had killed his favorite ram. Tower died: but not so with Cushing's wrath. At the funeral he looked at the corpse, and turned away gritting his teeth, saying: "Kill my ram, will you?"

While Rabelais lay on his death bed he could not help jesting at his very last moment; for having received the extreme unction, a friend, coming in to see him, said he hoped he was prepared for the next world. "Yes, yes," answered Rabelais, "I am ready for my journey now; they have just greased my boots."

"I will give you my head," said Montesquieu, "if every word of the story I have related is not true."

"I accept your offer," said the president; "presents of small value strengthen the bonds of friendship, and should never be refused."

Zeno, the philosopher, believed in an inevitable destiny. His servant availed himself of this doctrine while being beaten for a theft, by exclaiming, "Was I not destined to rob?" "Yes," replied Zeno, "and to be corrected also."

A French gentleman, who had heard rum called *spirits*, went into one of our hotels a few evenings since, and called for a glass of punch, requesting at the same time that it should be made with "*ghosts* from the Vest Indies."

At a woman's convention, a gentleman remarked that a woman was the most wicked thing in creation. "Sir," was the indignant reply of one of the ladies, "woman was made from man; and if one rib is so wicked, what must the whole body be?"

"Rise, Geordie," said an industrious Scotch farmer to his cowherd, one morning; "rise, Geordie, for the sun's up."

"It's time till him," retorted the youthful cowherd, yawning and rubbing his eyes, "for he was na up a' yesterday."

An Irish attorney threatened to prosecute a Dublin printer for inserting the death of a live person. The menace concluded with the remark, "No printer should publish a death unless informed of the fact by the party deceased."

"Don't stand there loafing," said a professor at Franklin and Marshall college, to three students, standing where they shouldn't.

"We're not loafing," said one of them; "there are only three of us, and it takes leaven to make a loaf."

A man carrying a cradle was stopped by an old woman, and thus accosted:

"So, sir, you have got some of the fruits of matrimony."

"Softly, old lady," said he, "you mistake; this is merely the fruit-basket."

Bill, you young scamp, if you had your due, you'd get a good whipping. "I know it, daddy, but *bills* are not always paid when *due*." The agonized father trembled lest his hopeful son should be suddenly snatched from him.

The modest young gentleman mentioned in our last may like to know that there is a young lady somewhere in this vicinity, who will not sing modern songs because they are new ditties, (nudities.)

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all fell a-weeping but one man, who being asked why he did not weep with the rest, replied: "Oh! I belong to another parish."

When Miss Fanny Kemble was presented to Mr. Emerson, he listened to her and looked at her for a while, and then, relinquishing her to a third person, he stepped aside, and exclaimed breathlessly to a friend, "What quantity!"

The individual who attempted to raise colts from horse-chestnuts went into the market the other day, and inquired for a mock-turtle to make "mock-turtle soup" of.

Monsieur Thouvenel, the French minister, expressing his surprise at the Japanese eating raw fish, received from the first embassador for reply, "We eat raw fish as you eat raw oysters."

She that marries a man because he is a "good match," must not be surprised if he turns out "a lucifer."

What kind of men are most above board? Why, chess-men, of course.